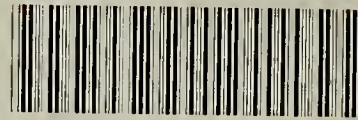


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HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

✓
Albany

Sunday Press

Carriers' Address

JANUARY 1.

1877

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CARRIERS' ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

Albany Sunday Press

—*—

The Old Year.

POOR SEVENTY-SIX!—his reign at last is o'er!
Was ever monarch to be pitied more?
The Fates and Furies must have signed a league
Making him victim of their base intrigue!
What has he done?—what record can he show
That things are better than a year ago?
This continent, from Mexico to Maine—
Including both—is in a hurricane;
While European statesmen have become
Kilkenny cats, just like our own at home.
Contentions, wars, and plagues have had full sway,
While Rings and Robberies still rule the day.
~~Why waste our time in sentimental rhyme~~
Over the "dear departed"?—'Twere a crime!
Back into chaos let him go again,
And, in oblivion wrapt, in peace remain!

The New Year.

POOR SEVENTY-SEVEN!—We wonder does he know
The trials *he* is doomed to undergo?
Though he should prove a Solomon in rule,
One half the world will deem him but a fool!
Were he a Solon—a Demosthenes—
He'd have his share of bitter enemies.
A party spirit has, of late, begun
To rise in every country 'neath the sun;
He cannot suit both factions, it is plain;
But Time will solve the riddles of his reign.
Then let us welcome him:—let joy bells ring.
"To make things pleasant" for the new-crowned king.
Give him to-day for merriment and joy,
And leave official cares to by-and-by.

The Presidency.

THIS side the water, the engrossing theme
Is the ELECTION, and does it not seem
As though the mammoth scales of Justice must,
For want of use, be covered o'er with rust ?
We've all grown weary of this long delay ;
But then, improvements greet us every day.
In olden times the people only knew
That the returns, when counted up, were true ;
They get them now corrected and improved—
How far ahead this century has moved !
Two *Presidents* are waiting to obtain
The White House ; but, of course, one waits in vain.
Louisiana, by two sects, is torn,
And Florida is equally forlorn ;
Two Governors are ruling in the State
Of South Carolina. Patiently we wait
To see this child's play ended, but in vain.
Well, we at least will never ask again
Concerning an election ; 'tis, at best,
A simple farce, for this one was a test.
Call it appointment, destiny, or fate ;
~~Or, say that the successful candidate~~
Was a magician, and could claim, at will,
Invisible support,—we hold it, still,
No politician now can hope to win
Unless he's sure of being "counted in."

The Centennial.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL is at an end,
For which regrets and thanks together blend.
The world grew tired of such an endless theme—
So truly worthy of the age of steam.
Yet Philadelphia became to all
A sort of Mecca, whither great and small,
In numbers flocked ; while those at home delayed,
With faces turned in its direction, prayed.
There, earth's celebrities, of course, were seen—
From cooks to counts, with all the grades between.
Forth from the rural districts thousands went
To gaze around in vague bewilderment
And blissfulness ; but, happily, not aware
That they were deemed the greatest wonder there.

The Eastern Question.

THE EASTERN QUESTION proves, as time goes by,
A Gordian knot for some one to untie.
Towards the "beautiful blue Danube" now
The whole world looks, and all are wondering how
Peace may be brought about. The Christian world
Against the Turkish despot long has hurled
Its fierce anathemas, but all in vain—
The Moslems still refuse to break their chain.
This Turkey-Gobbler, arrogant and proud,
Although it crows to-day so very loud,
May, all too late, unto its sorrow learn
That it can yet be gobbled up in turn!
If the Powers unite, a feast they will prepare,
And help themselves unto a goodly share;
Tearing the hapless *turkey* limb from limb,
Their cups filled with its life-blood to the brim.
England is grim, and looks on moodily,
Promising a strict neutrality;
Her overtures of peace were set aside,
And so she sullenly conceals her pride.
Should Russia's threatened occupation light
The torch of war, amid the general fight
Poor Poland might attempt to strike once more
For liberty; but 'twould be as of yore.

The Cuban Struggle.

GRANT'S proposition to invite
The discontented Cubans, in their plight,
To St. Domingo, will receive, of course,
Applause and censure; yet they might do worse.
Anything were better than this war,
With all its details, dreadful as they are.
Better, by far, to hear of Bengal's wave
That swept whole thousands to a watery grave,
Than thus to witness, each succeeding year,
The fearful scenes that are enacted there.
Spain sends her armies at an endless cost,
But men and money both alike seem lost;
Among the mountains of their island home,
The Cubans can defy the hosts that come.
And so the slaughter must continue still,
For, while the sturdy rebels live, it will.
Perhaps some day, with desperate strength, at last,
Into the sea the Spaniards will be cast;
Then, all at once, the world will wake to see
That Cuba was intended to be free!

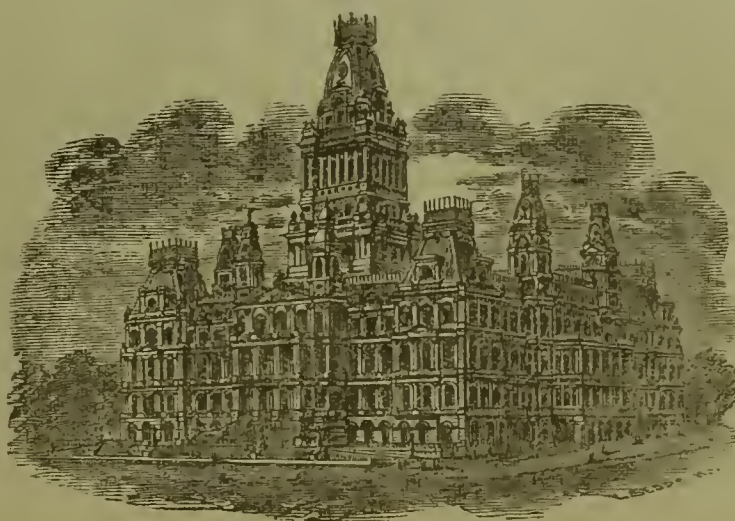
The Fast Mail.



THE FAST MAIL service is
to be restored.
How much its absence was by
all deplored !
A rapid transit of the daily
mail,
To business interests is of great
avail.
The Railway rulers and the Gov-
ernment
At length were driven to a
settlement ;
And now our merchants are re-
lieved again
From the snail-like movement
of the Postal train.

The Indian Troubles

THE INDIAN TROUBLES still are dragging on
From year to year ; full many a gallant one
Has perished in the cause, and many more
Will fall before the bitter strife is o'er.
But where's the remedy ?—'tis hard to find.
The Indian Bureau is, too oft, combined
With those who look to private gains alone,
And cheat the simple Red Man of his own.
Not till the savages are taught to trust
The Nation's word ; not till they see how just
The laws it makes, will they be made to yield,
Or drop the tomahawk which now they wield.
Poor GENERAL CUSTER!—Valiant, young and brave ;
The country mourned o'er his untimely grave.
Reckless he may have been, to face a foe
So vastly his superior ; yet we know
Twas love of gallantry that spurred him on.
'Then give him all the laurels he has won ;
Censure will never rest upon his name ;
Let those who stood above him bear the blame.



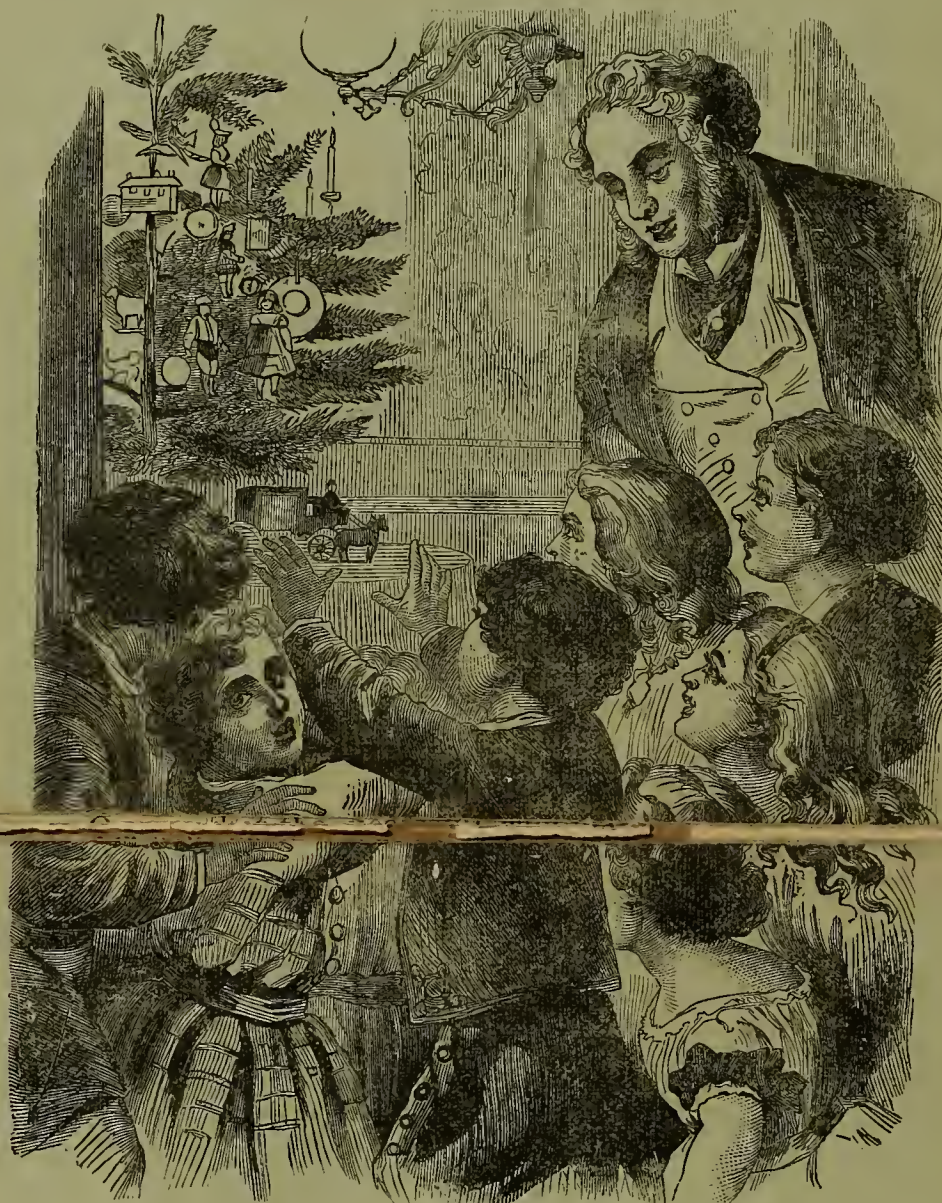
The State Capitol.

THE new STATE CAPITOL, as it was planned,
 In all its bearings was majestic, grand.
 Then wherefore change it? Does it not appear

Like vandalism thus to interfere
 With what was looked on as a perfect plan?—
 How vacillating is the mind of man!
 A memorial tablet engraved in stone,
 Should mark the deed: "Let well enough alone!"

The Brooklyn Horror.

THE BROOKLYN HORROR makes us shudder yet;
 We trust a pitying world will not forget
 The lessons it has given. A life, we hold,
 Is more important than the gain of gold.
 Why, for the saving of a little room,
 Convert a theatre into a tomb?
 But one exit for such a massive crowd!
 The people's protest should be deep and loud.
 The lesson comes too late for those who mourn,
 And yet its echoes have been wildly borne
 To nations far away, and they may save
 Uncounted thousands from a similar grave.
 The public, now aroused, begin to see
 Their danger, and demand a remedy.



The Holiday Season.

WELCOME, thrice welcome in this happy time,
When earth re-echoes with the joy bells' chime ;
When little ones in untold mirth and glee
Gather around the merry Christmas Tree ;
When older hearts forget awhile their care
And in earth's universal gladness share ;
When o'er the world God's blessings sweetly fall
While watching angels sing : " Peace unto all ! "

LARES ET PENATES.

The Municipal Muddle.

ALBANY, sharing in the common fate
Of all the world, is in a mixed up state.
Two parties seek the offices to gain—
That both can't be successful, it is plain.
So suits and non-suits are the order now;
The courts are hard at work deciding how
Those in possession can be ousted out;
But time alone can bring such things about.
So much the better for the lawyers, though—
"The more the merrier" for them, you know.

Our Military.

OUR city can refer with honest pride
To its militia, who are "true and tried."
The Tenth and Twenty-fifth are now well
drilled,
Both rank and file with able men are filled.
The Burgesses and Jackson Corps are sure
To win new honors on each traveling tour,
And well they may, for Albany defies
Her neighbors to produce such companies.

Our Police.

IF it is said that crime is on the increase,
It is not here the fault of our Police.
The system works well, for which much is due

To Chief MALOY, who rules and labors too.
As a detective, he is now, in fact,
Proverbial for his shrewdness, skill and tact.

The Fire Department.

OUR Fire Department should receive its due,
Perfect in management, in detail too,
It well deserves the praise bestowed afar,
For we at home know what its merits are.
The fire fiend cannot hope for victory here
When such a prompt, efficient force is near.

The Medical Imbroglio.

THE DOCTORS' QUARREL, in a quiet way,
Becomes a leading question of the day.
We doubt if Allopathy can agree
With Homoeopathy; but we shall see.
The Boulware by-laws took the town by storm,
And point to many an opening for "Reform."

The Centennial Regatta.

THE Beaverwycks won for our staid old town
Centennial honors and world-wide renown.
The English crew backed by nobility
Could not compete with their superiority.
Long may they wear the laurels they have
gained—
May others be entwined with those obtained!

Washington Park.

OUR Park we look on as the city's pride.
What stores of pleasure does it not provide!
When summer clothes it with its beauties rare,
What scenes of loveliness are met with there!
The pleasant drives, the shaded walks between;
The lake that nestles among hills so green,
Where now, in winter, is a field of glass.
Where Young America turns out *en masse*.

The High School.

AMONG the items of the year that's gone,
The HIGH SCHOOL opening was a noted
one.

The thorough scholarship attained to there,
Tells of the teachers' unremitting care;
And proves that the system is a model one.
Indeed, it ranks as second now to none.
Professor BRADLEY's recent Chilian prize
To its superior standard testifies.

Our Fraternal Societies.

OUR citizens, perhaps scarce realize
The magnitude of our societies.

And do not dream of the amount of good
That is accomplished by each brotherhood.
Their ends and aims, of course, are different—
Social, political, benevolent—
Yet one and all we can congratulate,
Their records show a truly prosperous state.

Humanity for the Little Ones.

LAST our people think—is it not time?—
That CRUELTY TO CHILDREN is a crime!
Till now the law disdained, it would appear,
In childish things like that to interfere.
'Twas deemed beneath its dignity. At last
The day of such stupidity is past;
Success attend the work—let it go on!
And though, at best, but little can be done,
The effort is a noble one indeed,
For which poor helpless little ones now plead.

Leland Opera House.

THE Leland Opera House can now present
The drama in a style beyond comment.
For management and beauty of design,
And for the brilliant "stars" there seen to
shine,
Among the finest in the land it ranks.
Manager ALBAUGH well deserves our thanks,
He makes it now, regardless of expense,
A model theatre in every sense.

The Hurigate Improvement.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION was a marked event,
Successful, and without an accident.
Of GENERAL NEWTON may be truly said,
He well deserves the honors to him paid.
We all remember with what tact and skill
He watched the progress of the work, until
In prompt obedience to a Baby Hand,
That touched a key awaiting its command,
The rocks were rent, muttering as if in wrath—
Thus Science deals with what obstructs its path.

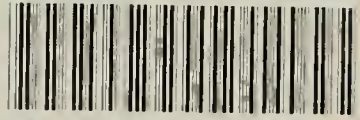
The Southern Plague.

THE YELLOW FEVER once again has come
To render desolate many a happy home.
The fated South seems destined still to bear,
In every suffering, the heavier share.
And yet the voice of sympathy went forth
Quickly and generously from the North,
Proving that party strife had died away—
That time had reconciled the Blue and Gray.
Accursed be the hand that now would dare
To light war's long dimmed torch; let it beware!
From many a grave a solemn voice comes forth
And speaks beseechingly to South and North.
Oh! may that voice be heard and understood
By those who have at heart the Nation's good.

A Greeting.

AND now the Carrier once more extends
A New Year Greeting to his many friends.
On them may Fortune kindly smile alway,
Whatever be the troubles of the day.
Over the shades and sorrows of the Past,
May the bright sunlight of the Present east
Its cheering radiance; may the days to come
Bring Peace and Plenty unto every home.
To one and all may SEVENTY-SEVEN prove
A year replete with blessings from above.
May health and wealth and every happiness
Attend the patrons of the *SUNDAY PRESS*.

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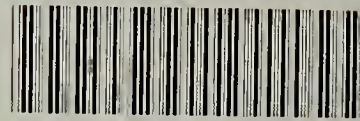


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